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THE CULPRIT CAUGHT.

## GEOFFREY THE GENIUS, AND PERCY THE PLODDER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ARCHIE CAMPBELL."  
CHAPTER VI.

"How time gallops on, to be sure!" was the exclamation of Mrs. Malcolm to her brother, as she handed him a note just brought down by the footman from the Manor House. "It seems but the other day, as the saying is, since Geoffrey Armitage

and his sister were brought to this village as mere children, and now here is a regular womanly invitation from Jessie to join their intended party on Thursday week, when Geoffrey comes of age."

"Time does gallop indeed!" replied Mr. Belford, thoughtfully; "but the footprints of that fleet courser are left as the records for eternity. Twenty-one years! what a weary waiting time it seems to the eager youthful aspirant for liberty and inde-

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pendence, when those forms of fancied happiness are seen at the extreme end of that long, long vista of twenty-one years! How short and contracted is the span they occupy in memory's page, when that avenue to the wished-for goal has been traversed; and how many youthful hands have in that swift passage plucked the bud of happiness, and thereby unwittingly destroyed the flower! But a truce to moralizing. Here come the Squire and Jessie, to receive in person our answer to their invitation."

The lapse of a few years had converted the blithe intelligent school-girl into a cheerful and intellectual companion, whose greatest pleasure and privilege was to be a loving daughter to the indulgent father who so prized her society. Jessie was an equally welcome guest of Mrs. Malcolm, the favour of whose company a few days before the expected *fête* was now readily promised to her young favourite, to give advice and assistance in the arrangements. The preparations for the entertainment of the villagers on the lawn were the next day proceeding satisfactorily, under Jessie's superintendence, when she was startled by the sudden appearance of Percival Malcolm, who inquired, in an agitated and abrupt manner, if she knew where he could find his uncle.

Struck by his pale face and excited demeanour, she kindly forbore to press for an explanation, until they both reached the presence of Uncle William, who was assisting to decorate an old summer-house. Percy at once divulged the cause of his emotion, by drawing a letter from his pocket, and giving it to his wondering senior to read aloud. It was addressed to Mr. Montague, and purported to come from a friend, who "warned him against the artful youth P. M., in whom he placed such extreme confidence, telling him he would ere long find out his deceit and dishonesty, which were now hidden under a mask of hypocritical goodness and pretended integrity, of which proofs could be forwarded in a few days, should Mr. Montague intimate his desire to E. C. to receive them."

"Then beg of him to do so, Percy, by all means," cried Jessie excitedly; "you well know it is a false and wicked imputation on your character, and you need not shrink from scrutiny."

"Jessie is right," said Uncle William approvingly; "it is only the guilty who dread inquiry. 'Conscience is the chamber of justice,' says the ancient proverb, and I am sure, my dear boy, you have been already acquitted there."

The tears sprung to Percy's eyes as his uncle spoke, and he wrung his hand with strong affection; then, thanking Jessie for her advice and sympathy, he soon after set off on his return to Darnley Mill.

The next three days were full of anxiety to him, for no reply came to Mr. Montague's request to his anonymous correspondent for further information; and this, which, in his worthy employer's mind, gave sufficient proof of the falsehood of the insinuated charge, rendered the young clerk more than ever desirous of finding out his dastardly accuser. But he had soon fresh cause for annoyance. Mr. Montague had latterly given into his

charge the private cash-box, from which the small accounts of the concern were paid, and from which he himself occasionally drew a few pounds for his own use, or to meet the calls on charity or liberality so frequently made in large manufacturing towns. Of these disbursements Percy kept a regular account in a cash-book devoted exclusively to this purpose, and which he balanced carefully every evening before he left his own little office.

Within the last three or four weeks he had, to his great chagrin and surprise, several times found his payments and his cash in hand not agree with the sums he had counted in the morning. In vain he added up the figures again and again; in vain he ticked the items, and tried to prove the total correct by various rules of arithmetic; still there *would be* a few shillings short; and, vexed at what he thought must be his own forgetfulness in not entering some trivial payments, for many of which he was called on during the day by mere verbal requests, in the unreflecting simplicity of youth he made up the deficit from his own pocket, sooner than have any remarks passed on his apparent carelessness. But the evening after the anonymous communication from "E. C.," Percival had been perfectly horrified, on balancing his cash-book, to discover several pounds deficient; and now it at once flashed on him that there *must be* some plot on foot by which these abstractions were to be made available as proofs against his honesty; but how or when these moneys could have been taken perfectly bewildered him, for he never left the office without locking the cash-box, together with the drawer in which he placed it, while at night it was removed to the iron safe within Mr. Montague's own counting-house: still, the box must have been opened and robbed; and now he must try to discover the thief. He once more made up the sum deficient, took the number of every note, marked every sovereign, and left no silver in the box, so that if it were again robbed the money might be traced.

That afternoon Mr. Montague sent him on some business to the town where he formerly resided. Percy took his usual precautions of locking up and putting the keys in his pocket, and left with some misgivings, to find them verified on his return by the abstraction of three pounds! It was incomprehensible! Perplexed and agitated, he looked round his small office (which he had occupied but a few weeks), to discover any traces of the daring intruder. Fido was with him, and appeared to share his master's secret, by sniffing all about, and whining with evident anxiety. At length he stopped, gave a short bark, scratched violently in one corner, then ran to Percy and pulled him by the trouser, again running back to the former spot, where he scratched and whined in increased excitement. Following in astonishment, and making a closer observation, Percy saw enough to arouse suspicions, and awaken hopes that the help of Fido's sagacity, under the guidance of an overruling Providence, seemed destined to restore his honour and happiness. He consequently made one confidant, in a workman of twenty years' service, laid his plans, and quietly awaited the result.

It was the gala at the Manor House. All was gaiety and animation; the guests, both high and low, were grouped in picturesque companionship upon the smooth lawn; the Squire moved about, hospitable and gratified, although a little inflated with importance; Geoffrey made himself popular by carefully distributed attentions, and gained more than one point he was anxious to secure; Jessie was blithe and active, especially attending to the wishes and comfort of her humbler neighbours; and near her always hovered Uncle William, his benevolent aspect lit up with pleasure at witnessing the enjoyment of his poorer brethren; but he was not quite happy, for Percy had not arrived, and he was just about to express his fears to Geoffrey that something serious had detained him, when the object of his fond anxiety suddenly joined them, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Montague, with Fido frolicking in delight from one favourite to another; and a little knot of real friends soon drew together to hear a strangely interesting story, thus succinctly detailed.

Percy's suspicions had pointed to a secret ingress to his office through a trap-door in the floor; and, to ascertain their correctness, for some days past, when Mr. Montague vacated his counting-house at the luncheon hour, he also left his own office, and remained in the adjoining room to listen if any intruder entered the one he had quitted; but all remained quiet. That afternoon, however, his confidant, John Broadhurst, whose good-will he had won by the interest he took in machinery, suddenly tapped for admittance, and whispered something hastily to the excited youth. Fido had been each day shut into his master's office, and fastened by a string to a staple in the wall opposite to the suspected corner; and in about five minutes after Broadhurst's communication, the sharp quick bark of the little sentinel proved that danger threatened his post. Percival cautiously opened the intervening door, and peeped into the room just in time to see a man raising and emerging from a trap-door; and no sooner had he risen to his feet than Percy sprang forward, followed by his companion, shut the trap quickly down, and seized the intruder by the arms from behind, before he was aware of his approach. He uttered an exclamation of surprise and fear, and, turning his head, revealed the features of Bradley, the self-dismissed chemist!

Guilt weakens the sinews and crows the frame; the full-grown, strong-built man trembled and shrank in the grasp of the slender stripling, whose strength lay in his innocence and integrity.

"Attempt to move at your peril," said Percy sternly; "Mr. Montague must be instantly apprised of your conduct, and this time hold the balance between us. Watch and detain him, John; I hear our master in his room;" and he passed in, to find Mr. Montague reading a letter just arrived by the second post,

"From E. C. again!" he said smilingly, as the young man entered; "his accusations are no longer indefinite. He now charges you, it seems, with occasionally helping yourself to money from the petty cash-box, and is prepared to prove it by

producing certain sovereigns marked in a particular way, which have been paid you by his orders, and which you unguardedly have made use of."

The audacity of this malicious charge shocked and staggered him. Mr. Montague looked fixedly at his changing countenance. "What do you say, Percy? you are not afraid to abide the trial of your integrity?"

"No, sir; I only regret that I have not sooner confided in you, and thrown myself upon your generosity."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Mr. Montague; "you are not guilty! do not say so, or I shall lose all confidence in man!"

"My dear and generous master," cried Percy, seizing his hand, "how can I thank you for such feelings towards me? Were I guilty, they would prove my greatest punishment. No; I have never wronged you, except by silence and misplaced lenity towards those who have robbed both you and me."

He then detailed the circumstances, and, opening the office-door, at once confronted with his employer the guilty Bradley, who still stood trembling under the firm grasp of Broadhurst and the watchful eyes of the faithful Fido.

A full disclosure ensued, when Bradley confessed that, profiting by his knowledge of the premises, (which had been at one time used for a different business,) he had entered the office through a long-disused trap-door, and withdrawn portions of the valuable stock committed to his care, availing himself at the same time of the opportunity to try and work the ruin of the too lenient and too confiding Percival.

"But he must now abide the consequences of his double crime," concluded Mr. Montague, "or Percy's character may not stand so fair before all the world as it deserves, in pardoning and screening another's faults at the risk of provoking revengeful malice, instead of obtaining respect and inducing the penitent amendment deserved and expected."

No one could gainsay the justice or prudence of this determination; but all joined in congratulations to Percival and his noble-hearted master, and Fido was more than ever petted and caressed for the share he had had in the late romantic events.

"Did I not say that little animal would not be satisfied until he had paid his debt to you and me?" said Uncle William, his voice trembling with emotion. "He has discharged it *now*, for honour is as dear as life or limb to the well-regulated mind."

The feast is over, the Rubicon of legal infancy is passed, and Geoffrey Armitage is a man, permitted by the laws of the land to assume undisputed authority over his own actions, and allowed by the will of his generous aunt to take possession of her now quadrupled legacy. "Eight thousand pounds, in the 3½ per cent. Consols," is the sum he is now entitled to write as his own. It is quite a little fortune in itself; and, better still, it may prove the stepping-stone to a large one. Eagerly did the youthful legatee press for the possession of his bequest. Twenty-four hours

after he could legally claim it, he might have been seen, with his father, once more travelling to London, where a short process put him in possession of the right to draw the coveted money whenever he required. He then accompanied his father to Messrs. Longsyte and Gatherall, who received him with more than usual *empressement*, which received an evidently unpleasant check when Geoffrey, after thanking them for their good opinion and the advantages received in their establishment, civilly intimated his wish to quit their service at the end of another month.

The principals looked at each other, hesitated, conferred aside, and presently Mr. Gatherall came out with the proposition that, "sooner than part, they were willing for Mr. Geoffrey to come into the house as a junior partner, embarking a certain sum in the business."

Here was a jump! should he not take advantage of it at once? No, no; his country recollections strengthened his town-learned caution. The chase which was speedily terminated proved that the quarry had been lately fatigued and weakened; the fish which caught at the first fly must be very hungry indeed. He fancied that the former case might possibly typify the position of his would-be partners, and that if he closed at once with their offer, he should resemble the too eager fish; and he therefore thanked the gentlemen for their proposal, and requested time to decide.

That evening they dined with Mr. Needham, who, within the last few weeks, had appeared in better health, and spoke of resuming personal supervision of his interests. How truly could the even-minded, contented Uncle William have applied to this restless money-seeker one of his tested proverbs, namely, "It is not want, but abundance, that creates avarice." The table was spread with every luxury; the evidences of wealth glittered and flashed on every side: there, at least, the money-worshipper was wise. He did not hoard his gains, as many do, and live in penury to die with worthless gold beneath his couch of rags. But still, to "heap up riches" was his aim, his boast, his favourite theme for declamation and advice.

"Your son promises to be a hopeful pupil of my school, Armitage," was his gleeful remark as the trio sipped their wine. "Never let a chance escape, Geoffrey, of increasing your capital. I call it mere cant and humbug to talk about living on other people, taking advantage of your neighbour's misfortunes, and so forth. I love money, Armitage. I do not scruple to own it, Geoffrey," he continued, warming with his subject; "I have a right to do so, for I have earned it hardly. Few men have risked greater odds than I have to obtain it. I have risen early, taken late rest, thought and planned until my very brains have ached within my head to outwit another and make a lucky speculation; and now I have my reward."

What was it, Mr. Needham? The approval of your own conscience? the love of carefully tended wife and children? the prayers and blessings of the orphan or the destitute, rescued from misery and saved from want? the gratitude of philanthropic

treasurers for donations to hospitals or schools? Alas! no such deeds of tenderness, charity, or munificence would follow the memory of the wealthy egotist who now boasted of his prosperous career, and scrupled not to vaunt that much of his wealth had been gained by practising on the weakness or the vice of others. No voice of fond affection from a wife's lips cheered his lonely hearth; no children had to thank him for nurture or instruction; for he had lived like a disjointed member of society, an useless weight in the scale of common brotherhood; a human leech, whose cry had still been, "Give, give." And what was the end of all this absorption of the best feelings of our nature? Money, money! Oh, vain and useless aim for an immortal soul!

The contact with this hard worldly grasping spirit again indurated his youthful pupil. Geoffrey told his doubts of his employers' disinterestedness to "Oracle Needham," who confirmed them; and the result was, that "the genius" resolved to decline their offer, and to commence his efforts to soar in life, unshackled by the ties of any one source of profitable investment.

#### BANDITS IN LIMA.

MR. WARREN, a recent American traveller, in his work "Dust and Foam," thus describes the disorganized state of society in Peru.

At the period of my arrival in Peru, there was no railroad between the port and the capital; consequently, one was obliged to go on horseback, which (the distance being only seven miles) would have been no great drawback to one's comfort had the road been moderately good; but it was execrable. During the time of the viceroys, the road had been well paved and in good condition, but since the independence, I doubt if an hour's work had been expended upon it, and, consequently, it was in a terrible condition; the former pavement, lying broken and scattered about, only served to injure the poor animal's feet, while the dust arising was positively awful, as one can imagine would be the case upon a much-travelled road in a tropical country, where the soil is very light, and where it never rains. In addition to this, it was infested, in common with all other Peruvian roads, with bands of robbers, and not a day passed but some poor fellow was relieved of his money and assassinated; its very propinquity to Lima furnishing greater security to the banditti, the authorities never taking the slightest notice of their outrages. Gentlemen having business between the two towns always went well armed, and generally in companies; even then, oftentimes, being obliged to fight. A good old gentleman, a Mr. Pfeifer, one of the oldest foreign residents in Lima, used to tell the following story.

He was riding along this road one night, and suddenly, when least expecting it, he was attacked by half a dozen robbers, some of whom, seizing his horse by the head, forced him to dismount, and, finding he had no money on his person, were about proceeding to extremities, when he exclaimed,



"Gentlemen, I am Don Federico Pheifer: you doubtless all know me; now I promise, if you will unhand me and set me on my horse, that I will lead you to my house, where, after giving you a good supper, I will dismiss you with a golden ounce apiece, and say nothing of the affair." The robbers knew their man, and setting him on his horse, accompanied him home. Arriving at his house, he invited the gentlemen to dismount, and entering the house, begged them to be seated, telling his wife to order supper immediately. Without at all understanding what it all meant, madam presided with great grace, and the repast being concluded, each guest receiving his ounce, took his departure. Of course Don Federico never divulged the names of these scamps, otherwise his life would have paid the forfeit. Poor old gentleman, his days are numbered now, and he has passed away: for years an active and influential citizen of Lima, he was respected by all who knew him, and by his wealth and influence was enabled to lend great assistance to his needy countrymen. Having an affection of the chest, he found that he could not breathe freely at night in the city, and consequently, every evening would find him mounted on his tall black horse, at the gate of our chacara, and right glad were we always to welcome him, for he was a genial companion, and one of the very few really reliable men on the coast of South America.

The banditti, who, by the way, are composed, generally speaking, of runaway slaves, who, after their work is done, sally forth in the evening, by way of recreation, to try their hand at highway robbery, do not confine themselves to robbing travellers, but often attack the country houses, pillaging them and murdering their inmates. A case in point occurred but a few years since, of rather a peculiar kind, upon the premises of an English surgeon, a Dr. Gallagher, who had a hospital at a place called Bella Vista, midway between Callao and Lima. The doctor and his wife, who were residing there at that time, had retired as usual, and fallen asleep, when they were awakened by a flash of light in their room, and on opening their eyes, to their dismay saw four or five men in their apartment, one of whom, ordering them to keep silence, under pain of death, held a huge knife in readiness to enforce his commands, the others proceeding to rummage the apartment. Of course the doctor and his good lady were struck dumb at first, but gradually recovering from their fear, commenced revolving in their minds what was to be done under the circumstances. The lady, suddenly remembering that she had an elegant diamond on her finger, had the presence of mind to let it slip under the bedclothes, without the movement being discovered. While the robbers were investigating the wardrobes, Mrs. G. noticed that they were appropriating a valuable *moire-antique* dress, which she valued very highly, so much so that she resolved not to let it go without a struggle. Addressing the robbers, she said: "Gentlemen, will you not do me the favour to leave me that dress, as it was a present, and I value it very highly?" Quite abashed at her

assurance, they laid the dress down, begging the lady to accept it. After peering into every drawer and trunk in the room, they approached the bed, and ordered the occupants to show their hands, and at once relieved the doctor of a valuable ring, and were about taking one of plain gold from the hand of his wife, when she again demurred, on the plea that it was her wedding-ring, and they again acceded to her request. Courteously bidding the worthy couple good night, they left them to finish their nap, with the intimation that any attempt at alarm would be visited with certain death.

Some twenty years ago, robberies were so very frequent, audacious, and successful, that it became apparent there must be a regularly organized gang, and that its leader must necessarily be a man of great talent, and possessing universal knowledge of all that was transpiring in the mercantile circles; the evil became so great, that people were absolutely afraid to trust each other, each one looking with a species of distrust upon his neighbour, so patent was it that some one in whom all had confidence was their betrayer.

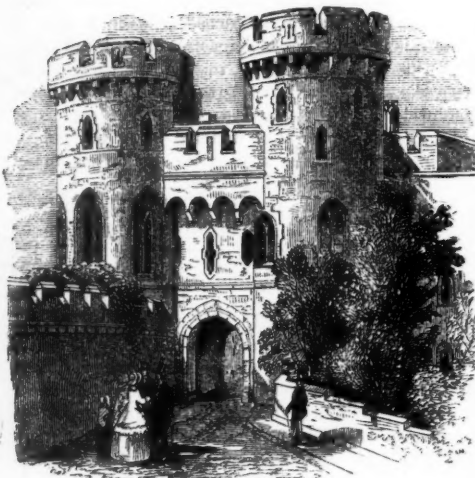
About this time, a merchant, who had considerable money in his house, received an anonymous letter, informing him that on the next night his house would be robbed, and advising him to call in his friends to assist him in defending it. The merchant at once called a secret meeting of the principal commercial men whom he knew he could trust, to devise the necessary steps, when it was universally determined by all present to volunteer to guard the house threatened, and the arrangements were about being made, when a Scotchman, who had previously said nothing, with a preliminary cough arose and said, "Gentlemen, I don't look upon this communication in the light that you do; I believe it is a decoy, to concentrate our attention upon this one house, in order to give them an opportunity to rob some other establishment; therefore, I move that we all remain in our own houses, and prepare for their defence." By dint of argument, all became convinced that his was the proper view of the case, and a lucky thought it was for the Scotchman, for about midnight his own house was attacked, and the assailants only driven off after a severe fight, during which, however, they were successful in capturing the notorious robber-chief, who proved to be neither more nor less than a young American, a cashier in one of the largest houses in the country, of whom no one had ever had the slightest suspicion, he having always acquitted himself to the satisfaction of his employers, and whose accounts and balances had always been a model of correctness. Unknown to them, however, he had been a heavy gambler, and had formed the acquaintance of certain bad characters, who, in return for information given them, kept him supplied with funds, and in this way, for years, he had betrayed his friends. On being arrested, he was cast into jail, and notwithstanding the efforts of the American minister to prevent it (for his family's sake), he was formally executed.

During all my own travels in Peru, I never was

molested but on one occasion. In returning from Lima to the port, in company with three others, late one night, a party of horsemen leaped the hedge some hundred yards in advance, and awaited our approach. Simultaneously we drew our revolvers, and dashing spurs into our horses' sides, rushed past them and gave them a volley, never holding up till we reached Callao; a riderless horse galloped into Lima half an hour afterwards, and a dead Zambo was found on the benches of the Alameda.

## WINDSOR CASTLE.

PART III.



NORMAN GATEWAY.

We parted, in our last, under the old Norman gateway. As we now proceed eastward, we enter into the midst of the modern magnificence of the regal palace, and find, on consulting the records of the past, that all this occupies the site, and was the superstructure of the upper ward, or *domus regis*, of the third Edward. It has been a home or a place of sojourn for England's kings and queens ever since. No other spot commands such a range of memories. The Tower of London, indeed, still remains, but it has ceased for ages to be a royal abode. St. James's, where the English court continues to assemble, only began to exist after the union of the crown of England and Scotland. Buckingham Palace is but of yesterday. So Windsor Castle, as the never wholly abandoned residence of royalty (except at the first accession of the house of Hanover), since the days of Edward, and indeed we may say since the days of William the Conqueror, takes precedence of all the palatial edifices. It must be worth the time to spend a little while in the heart of so much grandeur, with such visions of the past as history and antiquarian research have so abundantly opened.

With the shade of honest John Stowe at our elbow, we are informed that "the two higher wards were built by Edward the Third certainly, and upon occasion, as is reported, of his victory against

the French king, John, and the king of Scots, David, both of them prisoners at one time in the old castle of Windsor, as is said; where, being visited by the king, or riding together with him, or walking together in that ground, where the wards be now, as a parcel of his park, the strangers commending the situation, and judging the castle to have been better built in that place than where it was, as being on higher ground, and more open to see and to be seen afar off, the king approved their sayings, adding pleasantly that it should so be, and that he would bring his castle thither, that is to say, enlarge it so far with two other wards, the charges whereof should be borne with their two ransoms, as after it came to pass."

So, really, we have to thank France and Scotland for suggesting the erection of the noblest portion of Windsor Castle; and, in fact, the ransom price of the kings seems to have paid the expense of executing the idea. That, however, must have formed a small portion of the original outlay. And then, to think of the money spent on the building since! One could soon calculate an amount on that score, which would be enough to ruin some modern exchequers. Not over-particular were the authorities who had the control of the works, at first, as to the means they employed: for the impressment of workmen and the demand for material was such as would raise a rebellion in our day. There were also other things done of a nature rather curious; as, for example—the difficulty of getting coals, to kindle the forges and furnaces, was so great, owing to the prejudice of the Londoners against that kind of fuel, that the king had to charter a vessel on purpose, and send it to the north, and to get a cargo purchased in the county of Durham, at the pit's mouth. In due time the buildings at Windsor rose, and formed, with the halls, a quadrangle, in front of the round tower, strangely different from what one sees at present; outwardly, all blank and windowless, save loopholes in the towers, light for the apartments being gained from inner courts. Rushes on the floor, and tapestry on the walls, and rude paintings here and there, and rough oaken rafts and boards instead of ceilings, were the order of the day; but, what is not so well known, the round tower was painted externally, and gilded too, from which circumstance it received the name of *la Rose*. White lead, verdigris, vermillion, and blue, as well as leaves of gold, are enumerated in existing accounts for the use of William Burdon the painter, who, for a hundred and thirty-three days and a half, was engaged in the work. The tower must have looked gay, if not gorgeous, shining in the sun with brilliant tints; and, altogether, with tapestry hangings, and standards, and armorial bearings, and equestrian equipments, and royal array, and knights' mantles and suits of armour, and heralds' tabards, and the costume of squires, and the robes of ladies, and the picturesque dresses of the commonalty, Windsor Castle, on a tilt day or a tournament, must have been one of the most brilliant spectacles in an age of feudal festivity. Thinking of Edward III, the builder of the castle, and the founder of the noble order of the Garter, there occurs, in contrast with

all this gaiety, the scene in the death chamber of his faithful queen Philippa; and one sees the pale countenance under the red velvet bed-tester, and the withered hand on the embroidered coverlet, while the tremulous voice is heard uttering the last charge of conjugal affection: "We have enjoyed our union in happiness, peace, and prosperity: I entreat, therefore, of you that, on our separation, you will grant me three requests. My lord, I beg you will acquit me of whatever engagements I may have entered into with merchants for their wares, as well on this as on the other side of the sea. I beseech you also to fulfil whatever gifts or legacies I may have made or left to churches, here or on the continent, wherein I have paid my devotions, as well as what I may have left to those of both sexes who may have been in my service. Thirdly, I entreat that when it shall please God to call you hence, you will not choose any other sepulchre than mine, and that you will lie by my side in the cloisters of Westminster." "Lady," replies the king, "I grant them."

We cannot linger over festivals of St. George and banquets of the Garter, which filled the halls and courts of Windsor with wassail and revelry, music and wild feudal sports; but an incident of another kind, less known, we would mention, connected with Henry IV. He had some fierce enemies to deal with, and an attempt was made on his life in one of the castle rooms, by some odd instrument concealed in his bed, called a *caltrappe*, reported to have been put there by one of Queen Isabella's household. And let us also note, in passing, the release of the young Earl of March, a prisoner in the castle, by means of false keys procured by Lady de Spenser, who procured access to the apartment, and hurried him away to Wales. He and her deliverer both escaped, but the unfortunate smith who made the keys "had first his hands and then his head cut off."

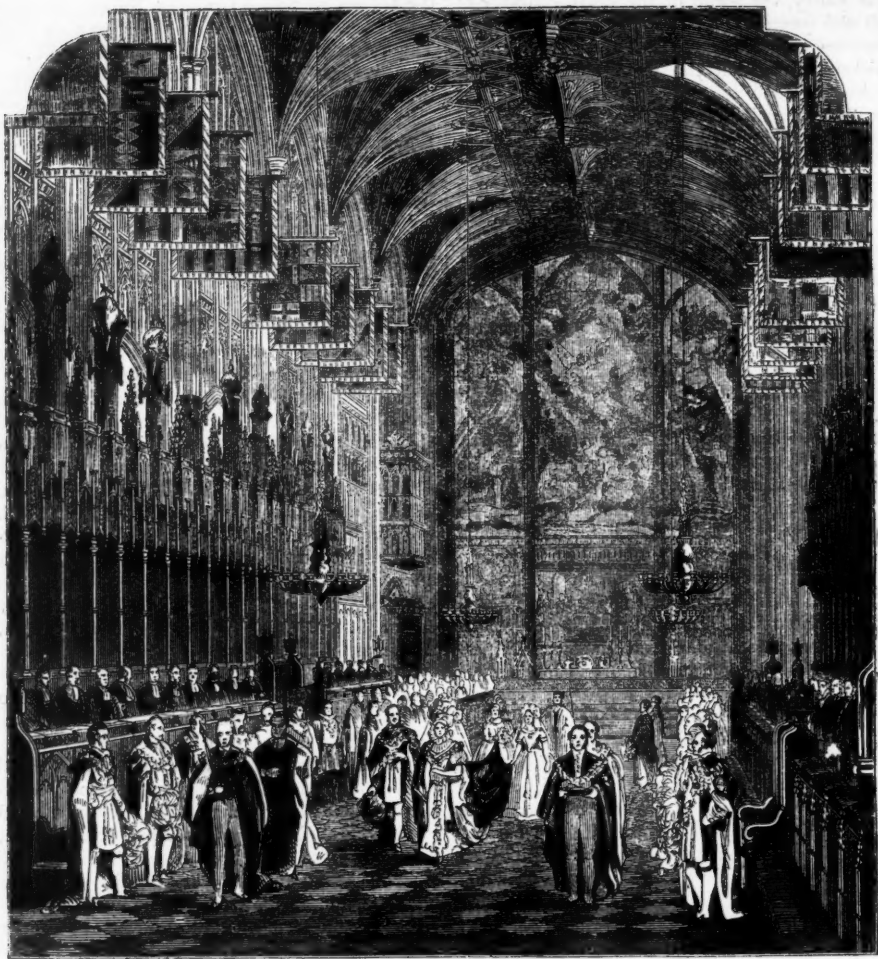
Henry VII made some addition to the upper ward of the castle. The visitor will detect the Tudor architecture at the corner of the court by the round tower, and on the outside overlooking the north terrace. There were grand days in the castle in the time of Henry VIII. Here, as we have said, already Anne Boleyn was made a countess; Charles V of Spain was right royally entertained; French ambassadors were received in state; and the Duke of Bavaria was welcomed with high honours here and in the chapel. Thomas Heneage, writing to Cardinal Wolsey, tells him of the king, that "his Grace every noon, when the weather was anything fair, did ride forth on hawking, or walked in the park, and came not in again till late in the evening." Sick people came to the Castle to be "healed, by the king's grace, of their sickness." And as to post letters then between London and the court at Windsor, it is amusing to observe, from one addressed to Cromwell by Bryan Tuke, that there were two postmen, and that it often happened there were two despatches and more daily, each having to ride both ways, which was "too much for one horse and one man."

We find the Lord Protector Somerset at Windsor in the reign of Edward VI; and when Mary was on

the throne, we notice Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer brought to the Castle on their way to Oxford. The reign of Elizabeth was an era in modern history, both for additions to the building, noticed in a former paper, and for her residence there. Hither she came on account of the plague being in London; but more for the health than the comfort of the lady, it would seem, for Winchester, the Lord Treasurer, says in a letter, that it is best for her Highness, now in Windsor, to remain where she is; though, he adds, "the house be cold, which may be holpen with good fires." The buildings seem to have been sadly out of repair; the constable's lodging, standing against the queen's bed-chamber, was described as "evil favoured and in great decay." Money was spent to stop up holes, "to keep out the choughs and piggins, that do much hurt the Castle." Much later in the queen's reign, the maids of honour desired to have their chambers ceiled, and the partition of boards to be made higher, because the servants and the young courtiers looked over (while the damsels were at their toilet); also the room for the squires of the body was "ruinous and cold," requiring to be ceiled overhead, and boarded underfoot. Moreover, in consequence of complaints made by her Majesty, that her dinner was cold before it reached the table, the reason stated was the distance of the bakehouse from the Castle.

The parts added to the buildings by Queen Elizabeth were called the new banqueting house, described as an octagon with a cupola, surrounded by windows twenty-two feet in diameter; and the new gallery, now the library, in which there still exists an Elizabethan chimney-piece, on which Mr. Britton remarks: "In the present example of architectural design and sculptural execution, we recognise the fantastic decoration, ostentatious parade of ornament, and affection of elegance, which were so peculiarly characteristic of this haughty queen in the adornment of her person, and in all her public and private pursuits." Standing now in the royal library, which is sometimes graced by the presence of our gracious queen, and surrounded by a noble collection of books, it is congruous to think of the literary pursuits of Elizabeth at Windsor. "I believe," says Roger Ascham, "that besides her perfect readiness in Latin, Italian, French, and Spanish, she readeth here now at Windsor more Greek every day than some prebendary of this Church doth read Latin in a whole week. And that which is most praiseworthy of all, within the walls of her privy chamber she hath obtained that excellence of learning to understand, speak, and write, both wittily with head and fair with hand, as scarce one or two rare wits in both the universities have in many years reached unto." The translation of Boethius was a little work in which the queen engaged here in 1593, much talked of by the courtiers, who calculated the exact time she employed upon the task. "In seventeen days her Majesty did not exceed one hour and an half at a time in following her translating, whereby it appeareth that in twenty-six hours, or thereabouts, her Majesty performed the whole translation." Paul Hentzner, a distinguished foreigner,





INTERIOR OF ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.

visited the castle in Elizabeth's time, and describes minutely some of the furniture; which consisted of a table of red marble with white streaks; quilts on the queen's bed, shining with gold and silver; a piece of tapestry, in which is represented Clovis, with an angel presenting him the *fleur de lis*; the horn of a unicorn, of about eight spans and a half length; and a cushion, curiously wrought by the queen's own hands.

But we must hasten on. We get peeps of James I. Sir Dudley Carleton, writing from Windsor in 1603, just after the accession, says: "The king and queen, and the prince and princess, came to this place on Thursday last, and brought with them a marvellous great court both of lords and ladies, besides a great number that were here settled to receive them. Here was some squaring at first between our English and Scottish lords, for lodging and such other petty quarrels, but all is past over in peace." This was at the beginning of the reign; towards the end, we read that the king kept St. George's feast in 1623 at Windsor, "where

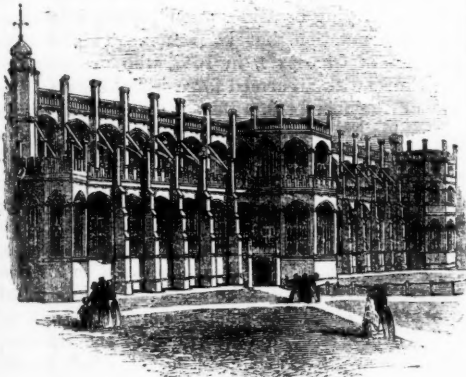
there was no great show; the knights and procession went not out their ordinary circuit, by reason the king was fain to be carried in a chair, not for any grief or infirmity more than the weakness of his legs, for otherwise they say he looks as well and as fresh as he did many a day."

During the civil wars, the castle was in the hands of the parliament. Very boldly in contrast with all our other illustrations and extracts is the following: "We did meet at Windsor Castle about the beginning of '48. There we spent one day together in prayer, inquiring into the causes of that sad dispensation (the advancing of the Scottish army), coming to no further result that day, but that it was still our duty to seek. And on the morrow we met again in the morning, when many spake from the Word and prayed, and the then Lieut.-General Cromwell did press earnestly on those present a thorough consideration of our actions as an army, and of our ways particularly as private Christians."

Then come days of revelry again instead of



prayer, and Charles II makes the castle the scene of his scandalous pleasures. He altered the palace considerably, adapting it to the taste of the times, and leaving it much as it was till the extensive works under George IV were undertaken. James II, William and Anne were all at Windsor occasionally, but nothing very characteristic is recorded in connection with them beyond what we have noticed already.



ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, EXTERIOR.

The earlier Georges deserted Windsor, but George III made it his residence, more, however, that of a plain country gentleman than of a king dwelling in kingly state. What Madame D'Arblay describes in 1785, a very few still living can remember. "The king and queen, and the Prince of Mecklenburg and her Majesty's mother, walked together. Next them the princesses and their ladies, and the young princes, making a very gay and pleasing procession of one of the finest

families in the world. Every way they moved, the crowd retired, to stand up against the wall as they passed, and then closed in to follow."

What George IV made the castle, every one can see. How William and his amiable queen lived there, many can remember. The associations of the place with the illustrious Victoria are too fresh to need reviving here; and we would only mention our own vivid recollection of the festivities at the baptism of the Prince of Wales, when royal visitors and the most magnificent of courts graced the halls of the noble palace, and the quadrangle was filled with military to receive colours from the queen at the hands of the great Duke of Wellington.



THE QUEEN'S APARTMENTS.

### MR. SPEAKER—HIS TRIALS AND SCRAPES.

A GREAT man, by virtue of his office, is Mr. Speaker. He is the first commoner in the kingdom, taking precedence of all others by custom and legislative enactment, at the head of the most influential body in the world, possessing a handsome stipend of £6000 a year, a splendid official residence, and the prospect of a peerage on relinquishing his post, if he conducts himself with tolerable discretion, with a retiring salary of £4000 a year for two lives. These are the tempting items in the bill of fare before a candidate for the station. But the duties to be performed are both onerous and important, requiring for their efficient discharge a combination of qualities not often met with. Business habits, knowledge of parliamentary usages, easy elocution, command of temper, strict impartiality, firmness and suavity, are indispensable. To these should be added, a quick eye and sonorous voice, with a respectable amount of bone, flesh, and sinew, symmetrically developed, so as to form a commanding presence. A mere mite of a man, who, while pacing the lobby, would look like a walking wig, or, seated in the

chair, like a stationary one, is clearly ineligible. A lath-like man, however tall, and a short one, however rotund, both labour under serious disabilities; and it would be perfectly ludicrous, when the House is in one of its fits of high excitement, for its chief to attempt to quell the storm, calling the members to order with accents husky or shrill, croaking like a frog, or squeaking like a penny trumpet. So thought Serjeant Yelverton, in the reign of Elizabeth, who, when elected, and pleading to be excused the appointment, remarked that "he that supplieth this place ought to be big and comely, stately and well-spoken, his voice great, his courage majestic, his nature haughty, and his purse plentiful and heavy. But, contrarily," said he, "the stature of my body is small, myself not so well-spoken, my voice low, my carriage lawyer-like and of the common fashion, my nature soft and bashful, my purse thin and light." At that time, the office had no emolument, either in the shape of salary or residence. It simply involved labour and absorbed time, with the risk of being

foremost in a perilous tussle with the crown, if on the patriotic side, or a marked man with the patriots, if subservient to the court. Well, therefore, might it be eschewed, though in vain, by a briefless barrister with a large family and a small estate.

On the meeting of a new parliament, the Commons are directed by the commission from the crown to proceed to the appointment of some proper person to preside over them. This being done, he appears at the bar of the upper House, to be formally approved by the sovereign. It is perfectly competent for the crown to disallow the choice, and order a fresh election; and this has been done, but only in a single instance, hereafter mentioned. The original Mr. Speaker, and his immediate successors, are quite unknown. But the first on record is Sir Thomas Hungerford, knight of the shire for Wilts, chosen in 1377, under Edward III, whose description, as it occurs in the rolls of parliament, may be given as a curiosity, "*Monsieur Thomas de Hungerford, chevalier, qui avoit les paroles pur les communes d'Angleterre en cet Parliament.*" The Norman French was at that period the language of the court, of the upper classes, and of the acts and rolls of parliament, owing to the continental connections of our sovereigns. Its use still lingers among us, for when either House passes a bill, it is indorsed, as the case may be, "*Aux Communes,*" or "*Soit baillé aux Seigneurs,*" while the royal assent to a bill is signified by the words, "*La Reigne le voet*"—"the queen is willing."

During the period when the crown assumed to be absolute, and was so practically to a great extent, interferences with the proceedings of the Commons were of frequent occurrence, trying to the temper of the House, as well as to the nerves of members, and requiring great tact and judgment on the part of the Speaker to prevent unhappy consequences. Sir Thomas More managed admirably upon one of these occasions. Henry VIII, a man not to be trifled with, had a little bill which he wanted to have passed—a money affair of £800,000, at which the knights and burgesses looked with manifest aversion. To expedite matters, he sent Cardinal Wolsey down to the House, who made his appearance in great state, thinking of producing some overawing effect by it. The question arose, should he be admitted? When appealed to by the members as their official guide, More recommended his admission as the best course, extending the privilege, with some satire, to "his maces, his pillars, his pole-axes, his cross, his hat, and the great seal too." But he advised the House simply to hear what he had to say, and not to enter upon any debate in his presence. Accordingly, the great man was admitted in full pomp, made his oration, explaining the necessities of the state and the reasonableness of the subsidy; but no one replied. He then addressed himself to some leading members personally; but none answered. "My masters," said he, in high dudgeon, "here is without doubt a surprising and most obstinate silence, unless it be the manner of your House to express your mind by your Speaker only." He then turned to More for an answer, who quietly observed, that "his coming

thither was far from expedient, and contrary to the ancient liberties of the House; and as to requiring a reply from him individually, the thing was simply impossible. The members had indeed trusted him with their voices; but unless each could infuse the essence of their several wits into his head, he alone, in so weighty a matter, was unable to make his Grace any answer."

It fell to the lot of Lenthall, the Speaker of the Long Parliament, to preside upon a similar but far more trying occasion, when royalty interfered, not by deputation, but in person. This was the mad act of Charles I, in 1642, who proceeded to the House with an armed force, intent upon seizing five of the members. But aware of what was in contemplation, they had been advised to absent themselves, in order to avoid bloodshed, for resistance would have been offered to their forcible seizure. Leaving his guards without, the king entered, and took possession of the chair, which was quitted on his approach. The House rose, kept silence, and remained uncovered in his presence. In a few words he stated his object, called two of the obnoxious members by name, and inquired where they were, turning to the Speaker, who replied with great presence of mind, that in that place he had neither eyes to see, nor tongue to speak, otherwise than as the House directed. The disappointed king withdrew amid cries of "Privilege," and soon afterwards quitted the capital, not to return to it except as a prisoner. Never had any man such a number of important measures to put to the vote as Lenthall: all the noble acts which marked the commencement of the Long Parliament, and the unconstitutional ones of its close. Upon the question, whether Charles, when a captive in the Isle of Wight, should again be treated with, or proceeded against, he had to give a casting vote, the numbers being sixty-seven to sixty-seven. It was in favour of negotiation. Yet he finally took the sense of the House upon the point of bringing the crown to trial, always affirming afterwards that he never should have done so, had it not been for the treachery of Cromwell, who assured him that the motion would be rejected by a large majority. It is surprising that a man who figured so conspicuously in such transactions, should have survived the Restoration, to die in his bed.

A thorough despot in the chair was Sir Edward Seymour, head of the ducal house of Somerset, who held the speakership, in the reign of Charles II, from 1672 to 1678. Rarely, if ever, has there been such an impersonation of pride and haughtiness; but as an able man, of high birth and great integrity, he was popular with the House. He once directed the mace to take Serjeant Pemberton into custody for not paying proper deference to him. "He saw me," said he, "and paid me no respect, though I was near him, or very slightly." His carriage chancing to break down, he ordered the beadle to stop the next gentleman's they met, and bring it to him, remarking to the astonished owner, on turning him out, that it was more proper for him to walk the streets than the Speaker of the House of Commons. On one occasion, when the House was in committee, a violent discussion arose,

and swords were drawn, upon which he resumed the chair as of right, though contrary to all parliamentary usage, and instantly reduced the members to order; not an inch would he budge from his seat, when told that the king was seated upon the throne, and commanded his presence to hear the prorogation. He declared that he would not stir, till, according to precedent, a bill of supply had been returned from the upper House. Though it was known that the crown had determined to get rid of this rival potentate, upon the calling of a new parliament, yet the Commons re-elected him; but after some squabbling, a fresh choice was made. Sir Edward retained his arrogance to the last. He treated King William as an equal, sometimes as an inferior, and was quite prepared to "my good woman," Queen Anne. When she dismissed him from his post as comptroller of the household, he sent word that he would return his staff of office by the common carrier. Wags in the house delighted to plague him. One gave him a petition to present, upon which the old man fumbled in his pockets for his spectacles, and began to read, "The humble petition of Oliver Cromwell, etc." dashed it to the ground, and, utterly discomposed, left his seat amidst peals of laughter.

The spectacle of a Speaker in a scrape was afforded by Sir John Trevor, a lawyer, elected to the chair in 1690, the second parliament of William III. Rumours respecting the corruption of members were soon afterwards rife, and a committee of inquiry was appointed. In the course of investigation, an item was discovered with a very ugly look, in the accounts of the chamberlain of the city of London, to the effect that one thousand guineas had been paid to Mr. Speaker on behalf of a certain bill. It was further proved that a hint had been given, that unless the sum was paid, the bill would not pass; and a voucher for the receipt of the money was produced. The delinquent had to endure the unparalleled ignominy of putting the question of his own guilt to the House, and of declaring that the "Ayes" had it, adding that the motion was carried *nem. con.* The next day, a note was handed in, which the clerk read:—"Gentlemen, I did intend to have waited upon you this morning; but after I was up, I was taken suddenly ill with a violent colic. I hope to be in condition of attending you to-morrow morning. J. Trevor, Speaker." On the day following, the colic was no better. Eventually, the crown interfered, directed the House to proceed to a new election, and Trevor was formally expelled. It is related of him as an instance of his parsimony, that, while taking his wine after dinner, a Welsh relative was unexpectedly introduced by a side door. "You rascal," said he to the servant, "and you have brought my cousin Roderic Lloyd, Esquire, Prothonotary of North Wales, Marshal to Baron Price, and so forth, in this way; take him instantly down my backstairs, and bring him up my front stairs. While this operation was in process, the ex-speaker cleared the table.

Very unjustly, Sir Fletcher Norton, elected in 1770, was made an offender for a word, by the court party. Having to appear at the bar of the upper

House, George III being present on the throne, with a bill for the better support of the royal household, he described it as a very great additional income, "great beyond your Majesty's highest *expense*," or *wants*, according to some; and then proceeded to say that the Commons had done this, "in a well-grounded confidence that you will apply wisely what they have granted liberally." The king was foolish enough to be highly offended, and never forgave the speech. But all public bodies applauded it; and the freedom of the city was presented to the Speaker in a gold box. Rhymesters also took up his cause.

"Muse! were we rich in land, or stocks,  
We'd send Sir Fletcher a gold box;  
Who lately, to the world's surprise,  
Advised his sovereign to be wise.  
The zeal of cits should ne'er surpass us,  
We'd make him Speaker of Parnassus."

The king was determined to have him removed from the chair, after the next general election; but the ministers kept in the back-ground the true cause of his exclusion. They referred to the injury which the labours of the office had done to his health, and sympathised with him upon his bodily infirmities, upon which, he occasioned great merriment by rising in the House, and declaring that he was never better in his life. However, another was elected, Mr. Cornwall, who soon became a mark for the satirists.

"There Cornwall sits, and ah! compelled by fate,  
Must sit for ever through the long debate;  
Like sad Prometheus fastened to the rock,  
In vain he looks for pity to the clock;  
In vain the powers of strengthening porter tries,  
And nods to Bellamy for fresh supplies."

The large quantities of malt-liquor which he consumed during a long sitting are said to have sometimes produced inconveniences.

A capital Speaker was Sir Charles Manners Sutton, who presided during the stormy debates connected with Catholic Emancipation and the Reform Bill. But, having strong political opinions, he ultimately gave dissatisfaction. It was commonly said that he must have lost the use of one eye; for whenever half a dozen members rose to speak on opposite sides of the house, it was invariably one on the side occupied by his own party who caught his eye. He was also accused of intriguing to bring about the short administration of Sir Robert Peel, in 1835. Hence the Opposition, led by Lord John Russell, determined, as a trial of their strength, to oppose his re-election, at the opening of a new parliament in that year. Such was the interest excited by the expected contest, that within five minutes after the opening of the doors of the House, no less than three hundred members were present. The number rose to upwards of six hundred; and upon a division, 306 voted for Sir Charles, and 316 for Mr. Abercromby, who was accordingly placed in the chair by a majority of ten.

It belongs to the office, to express the thanks of the House to illustrious personages, and deliver its censure to obnoxious individuals. This last duty used to be performed in a very off-hand manner. Thus, Mr. Speaker Williams, under Charles II, addressed himself to Judge Wythens:—"You being

a lawyer, have offended against your own profession: you have offended against yourself, your own right, your own liberty, as an Englishman: this is not only a crime against the living, but against the unborn: you are dismembered from this body." The same functionary waxed virulent and coarse in the case of Sir Robert Peyton:—"The dark ways," said he, "you have taken show your ill designs; you have fallen from being an angel to be a devil; you were bustling like the wind in this house, and in the coffee-houses; the parliament nauseates such members as you are; you are no longer a part of this noble body." It is usual when members are obstinately refractory, and "Order! Order!" has been shouted in vain, for the Speaker, as a last resort, to reiterate the cry, with the mysterious addition, "or I shall name names." Mr. Fox once put the question to Sir Fletcher Norton, what would happen if he had recourse to this dread alternative? "Happen!" said he, "hang me if I either know or care." But it is commonly understood that the censure of the House follows.

## A FEW DAYS IN TURIN.

### PART II.

NOT even the lady of the hysterics was disposed to quarrel with the thunderstorm the next morning, as we set out to the Palazzo Madama; the air was light and elastic, tempered with a delicious southern warmth; the very sensation of living was most enjoyable. Such moments we may well recollect and treasure, who have long arrears of coughs and colds to pay off, from the merciless east winds of dear variable old England.

The number of pictures, compared with the great continental collections generally, is not large; but in point of excellence, my own experience leads me to think this gallery of paintings has been much under-rated. In addition to more than the average samples of Flemish and Dutch masters, of Rubens, Vandykes, Guidos, and endless other ancient and more modern schools, there are some pictures one would go far to see. A Madonna, whose ethereal loveliness will ever live in my memory among the fair visions of the past; some exquisite rosy-limbed little Loves in the allegorical pictures of Albani; a Madonna and Child, by Guido, touching in its motherly tenderness and love; a Rabbi of Rembrandt's, that might have been alarmed at the truthfulness of his own lineaments; rich pictures of Paul Veronese, especially Pharaoh's Daughter finding Moses; and among scores of others of wonderful excellence, which I shall not weary you by describing, our attention is caught by a painting of Sir Peter Lely's of stout old Oliver Cromwell and his prim wife. Very blotched and scarred with it, for we are of those who think this man was no hypocrite, but had good honest English stuff in him. We have some partiality for the House of Savoy, too; so we do not omit Room 17, where are portraits of some of their royal line.

As we leave the Palazzo Madama, the military band is again playing in the Square. Our evident

pleasure in the finely executed music seems to gratify one of the officers, who lifts his hat invitingly, which is the introduction for a little dissertation on musical compositions, very animated, if not very classical or profound.

The sun is fierce now, yet the Square is lively; carriages rattle along, and the people walk in and out under the arcades, shopping; and cigar-smoking exquisites are elegantly *flânering* about in the shade. The whole scene, with its tints of southern brightness, has a gay, nay, almost a *fiesta* appearance, as we enter, by the side of the Piazza, the remarkable collection of armour called the Armeria Reggia, one of the great shows of the city; the other is the Gallery of Egyptian Antiquities. The arrangement of the armoury is perfect; and one feels much indebted to King Charles Albert, by whom it was principally formed, for giving us so historical and artistic a treat, as we move in and out among the bright shields and helmets, and suits of glittering steel, each recalling some bygone deed of valour. The cuirass of Prince Eugene, with its bullet indentations, is duly desecrated on; the wonderful workmanship of the shield, attributed to Benvenuto Cellini, is duly admired; but we leave the relics of the "giants of those days," and give ourselves no more headaches with historic recollections.

Here we are in the Square again; it is now afternoon, and the country, which terminates the fine perspective of the Strada del Po, looks so invitingly lovely, that we, remembering the treacherous storm of the day before, at once jump into one of the very comfortable carriages with which Turin is well provided, for an excursion in the suburbs. Drive slowly, *cocchiere*, that we may admire the fine street down which we are going, the Contrada di Po; stay five minutes in this square, the Piazza Vittoria Emmanuel, with its *coup d'œil* of river, hills, and mountains, and the ever wonderful Superga; then across the eight-arched bridge which lightly and elegantly spans the noble river, and out into the richly tinted suburb, till we come to the bottom of a steep hill, on the brow of which stands the Vigna della Regina, a palace now only visited for the fine views it commands. Here we leave our carriage, after promising to return in a quarter of an hour; we walk on through the thickly planted avenue, and in a few minutes enjoy a panorama of marvellous loveliness. Here I must remark, that few tourists have done justice to the almost unrivalled beauty of the situation of Turin, than which one can imagine nothing more imposing. Though D'Israeli says, with much truth, that "nothing is more idle and tedious than minute descriptions of localities," yet, in this instance, I am tempted to run that risk, in my desire to picture to you the fair scene as it lies now in recollection before me, bathed in the afternoon sea of yellow sunshine.

The first feature is that king of Italian rivers, the Po, never seen without interest, which here rolls along in bright magnificence, washing the feet of the rich acclivities of the Colline, with their unprecedented number of churches, villas, châteaux, and convents. On the right, towers the gorgeous



mausoleum, the Superga, whose commanding situation strikes the spectator at a hundred points of view; at our feet the city, with its harmonious proportions, its admirable regularity of plan, its multiplicity of public buildings; while beyond are the cold, rugged Alps, standing now in gigantic groups, now in wild isolated sublimity, clothed with everlasting snow, and surrounding the city like a girdle. Would you not go far to look upon such a picture? No wonder our coachman was so inflated with vanity about "la bella vista," that he wanted to persuade us to mount another ascent to the Capuchin monastery close by; but we were hot and tired, so we remount the carriage and continue our drive.

The country is rich and well cultivated, and in the environs, although the city is well provided with gardens and public walks, additional ones are being laid out, villas are building in all directions, and everything bespeaks a thriving busy population—wonderful, when we remember we are in Italy! Now *cocchiere*, back through the principal streets and squares, his, considering Turin contains eighty-four of the former, and thirteen of the latter, is rather a strong order. The public buildings are of imposing proportions, and the houses of the richer citizens large and elegant, with projecting jalousies, and entrance courts adorned with sculpture and paintings, so general throughout Italy, giving a lively gay appearance to the streets, of which we northerners have no notion. In short, the general features of the city are unusually grand and airy.

Here is our hotel, and there are the rest of our party looking out for us. "Mille grazie alle gentilissime Signore," says Pietro, who, under the arrangement of another day's sight-seeing for the morning, drives off in a high state of satisfaction.

It is evening; and between late dining, and amusing ourselves with Sardinian life in the interior, from our *trattoria*, and Sardinian life in the exterior, from the balcony of our hotel, night comes on, when we leave our station at the window, and in a few minutes are luxuriating in as comfortable a bed as is to be found in his Sardinian Majesty's dominions.

"Al servizio delle gentilissime Signore," says a voice just outside our door, as we are yawning over a late breakfast next morning, our last day's sight-seeing having rendered us oblivious to the poetic charms of early rising. To confess the truth, we are so tired that we would willingly rest and devote the day to writing up our journals, putting our travelling gear in repair, and sending off letters to friends at home; but, alas! we are under the tourist's doom of having a certain amount of sight-seeing to go through; hence, with some compunctions at having kept our good-tempered coachman waiting so much beyond the time agreed, we hurry down, and set out to "do" the churches, which, as Turin contains perhaps one hundred and twenty of these sacred edifices, including chapels and convents, is a somewhat formidable undertaking. I shall simply mention one or two among the number, which for the most part display the usual amount of rich ornament,

elaborate architecture, and gaudy decoration, for which continental churches are remarkable.

Here, then, we are at La Gran Madre di Dio, the new marble church, of a rotunda form, built in imitation of the Pantheon at Rome, at a cost, says Mr. Murray, of £100,000. Of all the churches in Turin, the situation of this one is most charming, overlooking the noble arched bridge at a point where are some of the finest features in the landscape.

The church of La Consolata derives its name from some supposed miraculous painting of the Virgin. It is a sort of combination of three churches, the corridor leading to one of which is covered with *ex votos* of every possible kind. One is very much astonished to see these exhibitions: arms, legs, hands, etc., etc., made in wax or painted, representing every kind of ailment and disfiguring disease which "human flesh is heir to." These offerings, which are so general in all Roman Catholic countries, are said to be derived from heathen practice, the first quoted instance on record being in 1 Samuel vi. 5.

On the Piazzì opposite is a fine marble column, surmounted by a figure of the Virgin Consolata, to record the cessation of the cholera. But the church that *par excellence* interested me, was the new Protestant church, erected in 1851, principally at the expense of the government. It was not its handsome appearance, however, that kept me standing before it with enthusiasm, but the recollections it inspired of the once so fiercely persecuted Vaudois, who now, under a liberal government, are allowed the free exercise of that religion for which they had so nobly suffered and striven.

No romance can be more exciting than the account of the little band of 800 exiles, who had been scattered over Switzerland and other countries, returning under the leadership of the brave and good Henri Arnaud, and heroically achieving the recovery of their native valleys. No wonder that even their enemies are said to have been betrayed into expressions of admiration. As we stand before that fine Protestant church in Turin, who, that is acquainted with the history of these people, can help recalling the account of their first celebration of divine worship, when for the first time halting among their native mountains? There, surrounded by the snow-capped Alps, with waving forests and shuddering precipices around, they begin their service of thanksgiving by singing the seventy-fourth Psalm, their swelling and falling voices echoed by the hills far and near; there, in front of an ancient and venerated church, where they had formerly worshipped at the peril of their lives, the heroic little band of Protestants are once more assembled, grouped around their brave leader and pastor, Henri Arnaud, who, standing on a plank raised at the entrance of the dismantled building, addresses them in glowing words from the text, "O God, why hast thou cast me off for ever? Remember thy congregation which thou hast purchased of old."

We must not linger over these grand old recollections; but after a visit to the Museum of Egyptian Antiquities, we take another drive, passing the Università Reale, and into the Piazza St. Carlo,

the finest square in Turin, with a statue of Emmanuel Filiberto, by Marochetti. The Palazzo Carignano is remarkable for its redundantly decorated architecture, but is more interesting as having been the place from which the Constitution was proclaimed in 1821, and that here the Chamber of Deputies, or Lower House of the Sardinian government, holds its sittings. There are several other charming palaces on the banks of the Po, in the environs of the city: a botanic garden, numerous asylums and charitable institutions, which are said to be opulent and excellently well managed.

But enough. I have given you a picture of Turin, as I saw it in the broad light of day, with the brilliant sun beautifying and adorning every building and street on which it lighted; and in the reddening glow of evening, when the luxuriant country was mellowed in a haze of loveliness. Here it is by night; and there stands our ever polite landlord himself, waiting to escort us to the Giardini Pubblici. It is not yet dusk as we arrive there. Under the trees are parties sitting enjoying the cool twilight hour; elegantly-dressed people are still walking up and down; shopkeepers are lounging about after the business of the day, and looking very patriarchal, with their wives and families. Beyond is a band, to the lively strains of which dancing is proceeding very briskly, especially among the sons and daughters of the citizen class. It is now dark, and the lamps shine in and out among the trees like huge glow-worms. As we return, our landlord takes us into several elegant *cafés*. Outside the doors are parties sitting at the ever-recurring little tables, smoking, drinking coffee, or eating ices; inside, in rooms elaborate with gilding and glass, and on velvet couches, a large company of gentlemen are seated in like manner; behind the house, in a parterre filled with arbours, and amid the perfumed oleanders and other clustering flowers, coffee and ices are being enjoyed in a luxurious *à fresco* fashion. One could fancy it a scene out of the "Arabian Nights," with its light and brilliancy; only I must confess these young Italians far outdo those old story-tellers in their energetic excitement and incessant talking. One might think, from their spasmodic actions and tones, that a revolution was breaking out at the least. We do not care to stay long; we have seen enough of Sardinian life in the *cafés*, which, in fact, is very like what one may witness every evening in Paris, or in any continental city.

And now I have done. With much regret we bade adieu to Turin the next day, and thus ended a visit which gave me the greatest satisfaction. Not one drawback occurred to mar our pleasure. We had even, during our short stay, seen enough of city and people to form a high opinion of both. Even the unparalleled beauty of the site of Turin, and the splendour of its buildings, had less impressed us than the external evidence the place and people bore of improvement and prosperity under a liberal government, and the striking contrast exhibited here to the decay and wretchedness one witnesses in other parts of the same continent—a contrast that must induce even the most unservant of travellers to subscribe to the deserv-

edly high political place Sardinia holds among the divided and ill-governed states of Italy. Since then, alas! what changes may not war introduce.

### A RAINY DAY AT THE TROSSACHS.

"31st October, 1851.

"On leaving Stirling, and turning our faces towards the mountains, our prospects were fearful in the extreme. We found plenty of droskies at the station, and got into one instant, giving the word, 'To Callander.' The rain soon came down like a deluge, and we could see nothing before us but a miserable 'drookit' driver, and a few yards of miry road, and on either side disconsolate hedges and damp rheumatic-looking turnips. We rubbed the panes now and then with our handkerchiefs, tried to look out at a pea-stack occasionally, and even got up a hollow, horrid sort of laugh at times, as if rejoicing in our dreadful doom. At Callander we changed horse and carriage, waiting only long enough for me to leave a hazel stick (from Amble-side) in the parlour window. By four o'clock, when we got to the Trossachs' Inn, although there were violent gusts of cold sleety rain and wind, the air was much clearer. Ben Venue looked very imposing, with mists and showers passing rapidly along, and now and then a kind of ghastly gleam, that those who did not know better might have taken for sunshine.

"The new inn is a most extraordinary concern, more like a penitentiary, or place of punishment for evil-doers, than one of entertainment for either man or beast. It consists chiefly of turrets, and you are ushered into a little circular cell, with several windows pierced in different directions, but each window like a slit in Bridewell, being only a single narrow pane in breadth, and three panes in height. When you sit in the middle of your cell, you actually see nothing but your prison walls, and three or four narrow streaks of light. However, when you rise, and put your face quite into one of the windows, the effect is rather striking, especially that from the western slit. You have, as in a dark framework, a view of a finely broken portion of the Trossachs, a small gleaming portion of Loch Achray, and almost the whole of Ben Venue, with its great rocks, rugged pastures, and gloomy hollows.

"Soon after four, the rain ceased altogether, and having ordered dinner, we sallied out for an hour and a half, and had a very grand though gloomy view of our old walk through the Trossachs. The woods were in fine autumnal order, and almost glowing, though unilluminated by any western splendour. I think the sun must have gone over to America that afternoon by some other road, for stepping westward

'seemed to me  
A very drizzling destiny.'

"Next morning, under a brilliant sunshine, the autumnal glories of the woods came out in full force. Crags and lichen-covered rocks, and rich moist patches of mossy verdure, scarcely seen through the umbrageous screen of summer, were

now distinctly visible through the clear amber-coloured foliage of the birch trees, which contrasted well with the russet oak and the darker green of the pines and hollies. Ben Venue was in all his glory, magnificently lighted up, yet deeply contrasted in light and shade, every projecting crag having its long dark shadow stretching westwards, and many cavernous hollows being still in deepest gloom; while at every step the birches were waving their golden tresses, or showering down leafy honours that emblazoned the very earth we trod on. There is no such path in California nor the Bathurst Mountains, for such is invisible to those whose greedy restless eye is searching for earthly gold. . . . When we came to the open space of flattish ground, odorous with *Myrica gale*, which we had to cross occasionally on our homeward way as a nearer cut to the Macfarlanes', we made our adventurous way to the banks of the river, which was both rolling rapidly and roaring fiercely. We then made our way up the river-side, and, as we best could, over the wooded knolls to the boat-house. This we achieved diligently though slowly, as the ground was often rough and the heather high. We passed several beautiful little waterfalls; and though sometimes sprawling, like a pair of wild cats, and up to the eyes in ferns and bushes, we ever and anon came to some grassy platform with sheltering rock or sylvan screen, and gazed around upon the mingled majesty by which we were encompassed. Though the distance is very short, this circumambulation of every little creek and bay took us several hours. Bright as was the sunshine, several heavy showers, both of snow and rain, passed down the ravine between us and Ben Venue. We ensconced ourselves once or twice in peaty hollows among the heather when we thought the gloom was gathering, but, with exception of a little peppering now and then of dry hail, that jumped just like 'sweeties,' we escaped entirely.

"Next morning (Thursday) was more beautiful than ever, with the additional advantage of being calm and still. There was just a gentle breathing in the woods, and a slight ripple on the waters, which, however, were bright and blue from the almost unclouded brilliancy of the heavens above. It was our last day; but as we did not require to be in Stirling till after half-past five, we had plenty of time for another walk. Having yesterday diverged from the road, this morning took the usual path to the loch, and then proceeded onwards as before to the lofty platform station, where we gazed enamoured till the mid-day sun was at its height. Retracing our steps, though loath to go, we ascended the Penitentiary, packed up our bundle, paid our bill, and made our way to Stirling. For the sake of the view we were each stage in an uncovered conveyance, and during the last hour felt monstrous cold, so much so that we could at last only faintly articulate, 'There's Stirling;' and on getting to the station, instead of running up the battlements to see the sun set, as did Jess of Dunblane, we ensconced ourselves near the fire of the refreshment room, ordered hot coffee and sandwiches, and were soon far cosier than kings."

Thus wrote James Wilson to his relative and

pastor, the Rev. John Sym. Another letter, about the same period, to a lay friend, shows how playful humour and earnest spirituality were in him happily combined.

"What a complexity of toil and trouble would be saved to us by a sincere, simple, unbroken belief in any one of many brief statements in the Holy Scriptures—to have it so engraven upon our hearts by the Holy Spirit (vouchsafed to them that ask it), as to be felt like an existing presence with every breath we draw! 'If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.' How strange that there should be either doubt or difficulty in the matter; yet how certain that now, as of old, the seed still falls by the wayside and is trodden down, or withers on the barren rock, or is choked up by thorns! I desire to dwell upon my own waywardness and want of (abiding and sustaining) faith. It cannot be but that the frequent absence of 'joy' in believing must arise from the weakness of belief—that is, from a want of simplicity and earnestness, and from an effort to build up a 'living temple' for ourselves, instead of resting in the blessed assurance that in our Father's house are many mansions, prepared for them who, through faith, are inheritors of the promises."\*

#### THE TALKING AND PERFORMING FISH.

NOTICES of this creature had appeared in every form likely to attract the public eye long before its arrival in London, and we were among the first to pay our compliments to the visitor when exhibited at 191, Piccadilly. How a fish—an animal which has no organs of voice—could "talk," and how its exceedingly stupid brain could be taught to "perform," was a mystery we were desirous to have explained. The first glance at the living wonder dispelled all our hopes of something new. No scaly, leaden-eyed, cold-blooded fish lay basking in the huge tub which we found placed in the centre of the exhibition-room; but, instead, a beautiful seal, in the finest possible health, raised its intelligent head to meet our disappointed gaze.

This seal is a fine specimen of its kind, between ten and twelve feet long, and is said to weigh eight hundred weight. Its scientific name is *Phoca leptonyx*, or the small-nailed seal, and is possibly a descendant of the *Phoca* immortalized in Sir Walter Scott's "Antiquary."

Its motion is somewhat fish-like when in the water, and a bystander rather aptly likened it to "a man swimming with his legs tied together." When it is out of the water, it progresses with a sharp jerking up-and-down motion, like a huge hairy caterpillar. It cannot stand up erect without support, as has been absurdly represented in the pictorial advertising placards. The body is leaning against the side of the tub in our illustration.

In ancient pictures of sea dragons, we frequently see streams of fiery breath represented as issuing from the nostrils. This idea may have been taken

\* Hamilton's Memoirs of James Wilson, Esq.

from the seal, as it breathes by means of deep inspirations, and then holds its breath, closing its nostrils so firmly that no water can get into its lungs: the period of each inspiration lasts from fifteen to twenty seconds; and then of a sudden issues forth a strong blast of warm air, which, if illuminated, would exactly represent the fiery breath of the dragons of old. The Indian divers for pearls are obliged to close their nostrils by means of a cleft stick or a wooden holder, somewhat like an ordinary American clothes-peg; this, closing forcibly on the nose, pinches the parts well together, and excludes the water. The seal, also, is a diver after fish, not pearls; and it has round its nose a natural compressor in the shape of a set of powerful muscles, which open and shut the nostrils at the will of the animal. When dilated, each nostril is as big as a shilling; when closed, it is difficult to see the opening.

Its food is fish, of which it devours many pounds daily. We warned the proprietor against giving it the fish uncleaned, as the seal in the Regent's Park Gardens died in consequence of having swallowed a number of fish-hooks which had never been removed from the whiting and cod given it as its daily meal.

Seals are very readily domesticated; and, as our present subject has been a sort of pet since 1854, she has been taught to go through a series of rude tricks, dignified by the title of "performance." Jenny—for this is the name given her by her keeper—at the word of command, closing her hand-like fins to her side, began to roll round and round in the water like a leg of mutton on a roasting jack; she then raised herself out of the water, and with her nose touched her master's right or left hand, being evidently able to distinguish the one from the other. She then folded her flippers across her breast, and looked about in the most absurdly pitiable way. After another series of revolutions in the tub, she raised herself on to its edge, and, stretching out her long wet body a considerable distance forward, placed her cold wet nose against her master's face, by way of showing "how to give a kiss."

So much for the performing; now for the talking. Understanding the orders given, she uttered what I believe to be her natural cry, and which, when the spectator is told means "mamma" or "papa," is certainly very like those infantile words. The papers stated she could "call John," but she did not get further than "mamma" or "papa," nor, indeed, is she ever likely to be made to improve upon her own natural language, which, luckily for the proprietor, may be said to resemble our own as regards these two simple words. A good parrot, magpie, or starling, would beat the "fish" hollow at talking.

The performances being over, we were at liberty to reason upon and admire the beautiful conformation and structure of the seal, as adapted to its mode of life—a chapter in its history which the proprietor entirely ignored. To begin with the head: presenting a wedge-shaped form, this part of its body contains the organs for the observation and the capture of its prey. The eyes are so placed that it can see its land enemy without

exposing much of its body; by day they are animated and expressive, by night they resemble fiery balls of opal. Had we space, we might explain, by anatomy, how this organ is adapted for perfect vision, both in the water and out of the water, and how every ray of light which pierces the deep blue wave of the sea is collected, by the admirable structure of the parts, within its tough yet elastic coats.

Around the mouth we see the handmaids to the sense of vision, the organs of feeling. Pursuing the active rock-fish deep down amid the grottoes of the ocean, the seal would be liable to injure its body against the sharp rocks and pointed corals; its armament of whiskers here serve it in good turn; long stiff wire-like bristles as they appear, they are the most sensitive organs of touch, quite as sensitive as, if not more so than, the tips of our own fingers. Examine their insertion into the lip, and you shall find at the end of each a great bulb of nervous matter, by means of which the slightest obstacle is felt and appreciated.

The mouth is shovel-shaped, and armed inside with formidable "lancet-shaped" teeth, forming a most perfect "fish-trap;" the hair is dense, and forms a capital great-coat, proof against both wet and cold. This coat is lined inside with a layer of thick fat, which causes it to feel like a lump of elastic India rubber, when touched by the finger. In the structure of the body we find wonderful modifications of the limbs of terrestrial animals, adapted for swift and easy motion amid the waves of the ocean; so that in the seal, as indeed in all animals, we may find latent beauties of conformation, and further proofs of the beneficence of the all-wise Creator towards the humblest of his creatures.

